NUMB. XLVI.

The SPECTATOR.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum. Ovid.

Monday, April 23. 1711.

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is my Custom to go abroad in quest of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first Opportunity of setting down an Hint of it upon Paper. At the same Time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewise make a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this Means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheet full of Hints, that would look like a Rapsody of Nonsense to any Body but my self: There is nothing in them but Obscurity and Confusion, Raving and Inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light, Distinction, and Order.

About a Week since there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reason of one of these my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's* Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a Cluster of People who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one End of the Coffee-house: It had raised so much Laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper; but no Body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir *Roger de Coverly's* Country-Seat—— Yes, for I hate long Speeches—— Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—— *Childermas-day*, Saltseller, House-Dog, Screech-Owl, Cricket,—— *Mr. Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good Ship called the *Achilles*. *Yarico*—— *Egregiæque medendo*—— Ghosts—— The Lady's Library—— *Lion* by Trade a Taylor—— Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—— Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*—— *Charles Lillie* to be taken Notice of—— Short Face a Relief to Envy—— Redundancies in the three Professions—— King *Latinus* a Recruit—— Jew devouring an Ham of Bacon—— *Westminster-Abby*—— *Grand Cairo*—— Procrastination—— *April* Fools—— Blue Boars, Red Lyons, Hogs in Armour—— Enter a King and two Fidlers *solus*—— Admission into the Ugly Club—— Beauty, how improveable—— Families of true and false Humour—— The Parrot's School-Mistress—— Face half *Pitt* half *British*—— No Man to be an Hero of a Tragedy under six Foot—— Club of Sighers—— Letters from Flower-Pots, Elbow-Chairs, Tapestry-Figures, Lion, Thunder—— The Bell rings to the Puppet-Show—— Old Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—— My next Coat to be turn'd up with Blue—— Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—— Flower Dyers—— The Soldier's Prayer ——Thank ye for nothing says the Gally-Pot ——*Patibulus* in Stockings, with golden Clocks to them—— Bamboos, Cudgels, Drum-sticks—— Slip of my Land-lady's eldest Daughter—— The black Mare with a Star in her Forehead—— The Barber's Pole—— *Will. Honeycombe's* Coat-pocket—— *Cæsar's* Behaviour and my own in Parallel Circumstances—— Poem in Patch-work—— *Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—— The Female Conventicler ——The Ogle-Master.

The reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some Body that had been taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had the Appearance of a very substantial Citizen, told us with several politick Winks and Nods, that he wished there was no more in the Paper than what was expressed in it: That for his Part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those Words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandish Man with the Golden Clock in his Stockings. A young *Oxonian*, who

who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discovered to us who this *Pasquin* was; and by that Means turn'd the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their several Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reached out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me; but after having cast a cursory Glance over it, and shook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of Match, and litt my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadiness of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Transaction, raised a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me; but as I had escaped all Suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying my self to my Pipe and the *Postman*, took no Notice of any thing that passed about me.

My Reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and will easily suppose, that those Subjects which are yet untouched, were such Provisions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I shall only give him the Letters which relate to the two last Hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an Husband who suffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiscreet Zeal of such a Partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his Travels; *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

SIR,

'I Am one of those unhappy Men that are plagued 'with a Gospel-Gossip, so common among 'Dissenters (especially Friends). Lectures in the 'Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Prepa-'ration-Sermons at Night, take up so much of her 'Time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have 'for Dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it. 'With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters 'it seems; while others really such, are deemed no 'Relations. If at any Time I have her Company 'alone, she is a meer Sermon Popgun, repeating 'and discharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications 'so perpetually, that however weary I may go to 'Bed, the Noise in my Head will not let me sleep 'till towards Morning. The Misery of my Case, 'and great Numbers of such Sufferers, plead your 'Pity and speedy Relief; otherwise must expect, 'in a little Time, to be lectured, preached, and 'prayed into Want, unless the Happiness of being 'sooner talked to Death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.

The second Letter, relating to the Ogleing Master, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled 'many Years for my Improvement; during 'which Time I have accomplished my self in the 'whole Art of Ogling, as it is at present practised 'in all the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus 'qualified, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, 'to set up for an Ogling-Master. I teach the 'Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-house 'Ogle by Candle-light. I have also brought over 'with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which 'I teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any Hour 'of the Day by darkning one of my Windows. I 'have a Manuscript by me called *The compleat Ogler*, 'which I shall be ready to shew you upon any Oc-'casion: In the mean Time, I beg you will publish 'the Substance of this Letter in an Advertisement, 'and you will very much oblige,

Your, &c.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality.

For the Benefit of Mr. PENKETHMAN.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Monday, being the 23d of April, will be presented a Comedy call'd, The Amorous Widow; or, the Wanton Wife. The Part of the Wanton Wife by Mrs. Oldfield, Barnaby Brittle by Mr. Dogget, Lovemore, Mr. Wilks; Cunningham, Mr. Mills; Sir Peter Pride, Mr. Johnson; Merryman, Mr. Penkethman; Clodpole, Mr. Bullock; Jeffrey, Mr. Pack: Lady Laycock, Mrs. Powell; Lady Pride, Mrs. Willis; Philadelphia, Mrs. Porter; Damaris, Mrs. Bicknell; Prudence, Mrs. Saunders. With an Epilogue spoken by Mr. Penkethman riding on an Ass.

This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over against Catharine-street in the Strand.

Mr. Penkethman's Wonderful Invention, call'd the Pantheon: Or, the Temple of the Heathen-gods. The Work of several Years, and great Expence, is now perfected; being a most surprizing and Magnificent Machine, consisting of 5 several curious Pictures, the Painting and Contrivance whereof is beyond Expression Admirable. The Figures, which are above 100, and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers, fit exactly to what they perform, and acting one Foot before another, like living Creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age. To be seen from 10 in the Morning till 10 at Night, in the Little Piazza, Covent-Garden, in the same House where Punch's Opera is. Price 1s. 6d. 1s. and the lowest 6d.

For the Benefit of Signiora Lodi, to Morrow the 24th of April, at Hussey's Dancing-school in Frith-street Soho, will be a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick; a new Cantata with a Solo on the Harpsicord, perform'd by Mr. Babell Junior; with Variety of Concertos and other Pieces, compos'd and perform'd by Mr. Corbett and other of the best Masters: Beginning at 7 a Clock. Tickets are to be had at the Smyrna Coffee-house, and at the Door, at 5s. each.

To be Lett in the County of Hertford 20 Miles from London, a new built Brick House of 4 Rooms and large Closets on a Floor, the Rooms below Wainscotted, with large Cellars, all Convenient Out-houses, Stables and Coach-houses, a small Dove-House, Gardens Wall'd in and well planted, and 20 Acres of Pasture or less lying round the House. Inquire of Mr. Percival Hart at Serle's Coffee-house at Lincoln's-Inn New-Square-Gate.

Just Publish'd,

The Case in View, now in Fact; proving, That the Continuance of a Separate Communion without Substitutes in any of the late invalidly-depriv'd Sees, since the death of William late Lord Bishop of Norwich, is Schismatical. With an Appendix, proving, That our late Invalidly-depriv'd Fathers had no Right to substitute Successors who might Legitimate the Separation after that the Schism had been concluded by the Decease of the last Survivor of those same Fathers. By Henry Dodwell, M. A. Printed for S. Keble at the Turk's-head in Fleet-street, and M. Atkins at the Golden Ball in St. Paul's Church yard.

The finest Lucatellus Balsam

That ever was made, prepar'd with the choicest Ingredients that can be got: To which is now added the true Balm of Gilead, and 3 or 4 other rich Balsamicks; and you'll soon discern a Difference from all others by its delicate fragrant Scent and Taste. 'Tis a most effectual Medicine (as thus prepar'd) for tickling Coughs, Shortness of Breath, Colds, Hoarness, Soarness of the Breast or Lungs, pleuritick Pains, spitting of Blood, and all inward Bruises, Strains, &c. It is so great a Healer, that chapt Nipples, Lips and Hands, are cured at once or twice using, making them smooth and soft. It's sold with Directions, in which is a farther Account of it, only at Mr. How's in Talbot-Court in Grace-Church-Street, Mrs. Garraway's at the Royal-Exchange Gate, Mr. Smith's the Post-Office in Russel-Street Covent-Garden, Mr. Gouge's Toyshop in Westminster-Hall, Mr. Deard's Toyshop under St. Dunstan's Church, Mrs. Foster's Toyshop in the Cloisters near West-Smithfield; at 1s. 6d. a Pot, every Pot sealed with the Sun-Flower, Mantle and Crest, or else 'tis a Counterfeit. Note, This Sovereign Balsam you may depend on to answer fully what is said of it.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.